

Note from Stan Bloom

While in the 131st MI Company in 1971-72 we were fortunate in having our own party Officer. Gary Prosser played the guitar and knew the words to all these songs. For the price of a few beers or more he would attend any party we could conceive of, and play music too. During one of our rare sober moments a few of us, fearing that we would forget the words conceived the idea that Gary Prosser, John Killackey and Richard Miller would write down all the words and we would publish a song book. Not typing or knowing anything about publishing (while at Fort Huachuca after the war I borrowed a mimeograph machine from the church and Printed a crude copy on the mimeograph) As I didn't type I enlisted the wife of Mike Castro to type the stencils. As you can see she couldn't type well either but we considered it Good Enough and published about a 100 copies. They have long ago been handed out to spuds that were accessable. In 1996 I scanned all the pages and used a computer to publish an updated copy that is also going to be on this disk. We have to thank Gary John and Richard for thier work in writing the words down. A good project would be for someone to visit Gary Prosser in Washington State and having him record the songs and publish a cd with these songs on it. A simular project was done on other units in Vietnam by Lydia Fish and a Public TV program with Chris Christophson was made Thier CD is called (In Country). I have sent a copy of the Spud hymnal (revised computer produced) to Ms Fish several years ago. While doing a google search on the web I found a site that says I am the author of the spud Hymnal. That is not true I only tried to update it on the computer

Stan Bloom
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This page was not part of the original Spud Hymnal

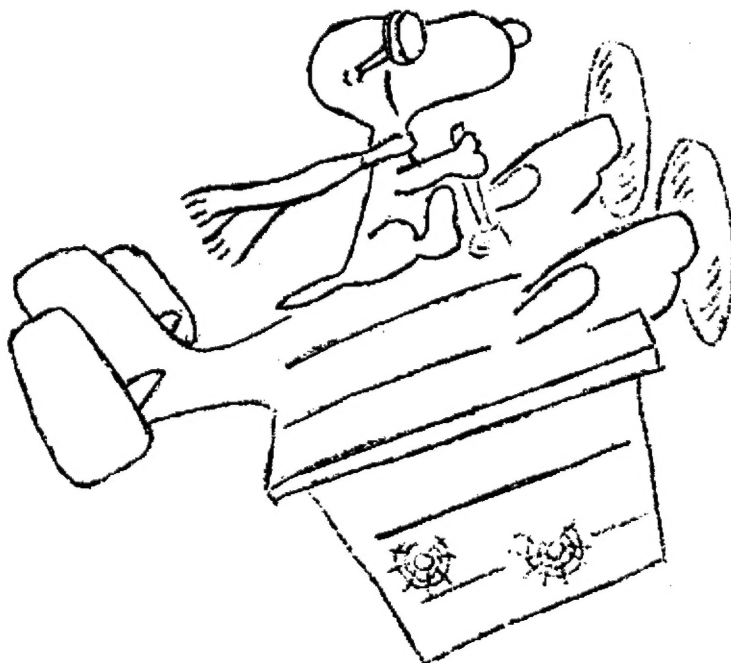
THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WORK
OF FICTION

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ANY ACTUAL DATES, PLACES, OR
PEOPLE IS JUST TOUGH SHIT, SORRY ABOUT THAT,
THIS MAGNIFICENT SACRILEGIOUS DOCUMENT IS PUBLISHED
FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF BACK-STABBING, SLANDER,
MUCKRAKING, AND GENERAL HELL-RAISING, ANDS SHALL
HENCEFORTH BE KNOWN AS;

THE

SPUD HYMNAL

(HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM)



THE SPUD TRADITION, BEGINNING IN 1965, IS A LONG AND PROUD ONE. SINCE THE SOUTH-EAST ASIAN WAR GAMES ARE STILL IN PROGRESS, IT SHOULD BE DULY NOTED THAT WE ARE NOT WINNING THE WAR ALL BY OURSELVES. HOWEVER, ONCE UPON A TIME, BEFORE TOP-HEAVY BUREAUCRACY AND THE AIR FORCE STUCK THEIR THUMBS IN THE PIE, THE 131ST WAS ALLOWED TO ARM THEIR MOHAWKS. THIS LASTED UNTIL THE BLOW TORCH JOCKS, WHO CAN'T HIT A BULL IN THE BUTT WITH A BASS FIDDLE, GOT A CASE OF THE ASS FIGURING THAT SINCE THEY COULDN'T HIT ANYTHING WITH THEIR GUNS AND BOMBS, THEY'D BE DAMNED IF THEY WOULD LET ANYBODY ELSE TRY TO DO IT FOR THEM. THOSE WERE THE GLORIOUS DAYS WHEN SPUD DRIVERS WERE A BOLD LOT, AND DIED A LOT.

SINCE THE NEW NOMEK WAS ALWAYS RIPPED OFF THE SUPPLY SYSTEM AND INTO THE BLACK MARKET BEFORE IT GOT AS FAR NORTH AS HUE/PHU BAI, PROUD HAWK DRIVERS WERE FORCED TO WEAR OLD REJECT AIR FORCE GRAY FLIGHT SUITS, WHICH WE DYED BLACK TO BETTER HIDE GREASY C-RATION STAINS. THEN A COUPLE OF INCIDENTS FORCED A CHANGE IN THIS SITUATION. FIRST WAS A SMALL MATTER OF AN IRON SPUD DRIVER AND HIS FEARLESS TECH OBSERVER WHO WERE SHOT DOWN IN SOME DOWNRIGHT HOSTILE COUNTRYSIDE THE JOLLY GREENS (AIR FORCE RESCUE WH53'ss) CAME IN TO PICK THEM UP AND NEARLY SHOT THEM BOTH, SPOTTING THE BLACK CLOTHES. THE SECOND INCIDENT INVOLVED A COLONEL WHO TOLD US THAT BLACK FLIGHT SUITS WOULD NOT BE WORN WHILE FLYING THE OV-1. OBVIOUSLY A NARROW MINDED BASTARD, HENCE THE REFERENCE TO "HO CHI MINH WEARS NOMEK". SEEING AS HOW THE NEW NOMEK, AFTER A FEW YEARS STILL HADN'T MADE IT AS FAR FROM SAIGON AS PHU BAI, IT PUT A SCREAMING CRAMP ON GETTING ANY FLYING DONE. HOWEVER, WHEN ALL APPEARED LOST, THE HAWK DRIVERS AND T.O.'s OF THE 131st CAME THROUGH IN GRAND TRADITIONAL STYLE... THEY STOLE WHAT THEY NEEDED. THIS MANEUVER PISSSED OFF SOME SAIGON WARRIORS WHO WERE ABOUT TO SELL THE STUFF ON THE BLACK MARKET.

SO WHEN YOU SEE REFERENCES IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO GUNS, ROCKETS, BLACK FLYING CLOTHES, USELESS SAIGON WARRIORS, AND WORTHLESS ARMY MANAGEMENT, YOU'LL KNOW JUST WHAT IN THE WILD BILLY HELL IS COMING OFF. ALSO, SOME OF THE INCIDENTS RELATED HEREIN ARE TRUE, BUT MANY ARE BLATANT LIES. THE LANGUAGE USED HEREIN IS SHOCKING TO THE FAINT AT HEART OR THE DELICATELY RAISED. BUT ALSO INTERESTING. AND TOO, SOME SALTY O.D SAILOR OR DASHING BLOW TORCH JOCKY OR CRUSTY SOLDIER WILL STAMP THE MUD OFF HIS BOOTS AND GROWL, "THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT." BUT THERE'LL BE A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE AND NO MALICED IN HIS STOUT HEART. THIS MISERABLE COLLECTION OF DISGUSTING FILTH SELLS FOR THE OUTRAGEOUS SUM OF NOTHING---BUT THERE IS A CAN BESIDE! THE HYM'ALS-- AND WE'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD PUT IN A LITTLE CONTRIBUTION FOR THE NEW ORPHANAGE THAT IS BEING BUILT IN DA NANG.

CW2 PROSSER
1LT KILLACKEY
SP5 MILLER

AND ALL OF THE SPUDS THAT CONTRIBUTED
THEIR TIME AND DIRTY MINDS TO THIS
UNDERTAKING.

TERMS AND DEFINITIONS

HAVE YOU EVER LOOKED OVER YOUR EPA AND ASKED YOURSELF, "I WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THIS PHRASE?" WELL PERHAPS THE FOLLOWING LIST WILL HELP.

<u>TERM</u>	<u>DEFINITION</u>
EXCEPTIONALLY WELL QUALIFIED.....	AS COMMITTED NO MAJOR BLUNDERS TO DATE
ACTIVE SOCIALLY.....	DRINKS HEAVILY
CHARACTER AND INTEGRITY ABOVE REPROACH.....	STILL ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW
WIFE IS ACTIVE SOCIALLY.....	SHE DRINKS TOO
ZEALOUS ATTITUDE.....	OPINIONATED
UNLIMITED POTENTIAL.....	WILL RETIRE OR BE KICKED OUT Shortly
QUICK THINKING.....	OFFERS PLAUSIBLE EXCUSES FOR ERRORS
EXCEPTIONAL FLYING ABILITY.....	HAS AN EQUAL NUMBER OF TAKE OFF' AND LANDINGS
TAKES PRIDE IN HIS WORK.....	CONCEITED
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO PROFRESS.....	BUY'S DRINKS FOR OIC AND NCOIC'S
FORCEFUL AND AGGRESSIVE.....	ARGUMENTIVE
OUTSTANDING.....	FREQUENTLY IN THE RAIND
INDIFFERENT TO INSTRUCTIONS.....	KNOWS MORE THAN SUPERVISIORS
TACTFUL WHEN DEALING WITH SUPERVHSORS.....	KNOWS WHEN TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT
APPROACHES DIBFICULT PROBLEMS WITH ENTHUSIASM.....	FINDS SOMEONE ELSE TO DO THE JOB
A KEEN ANALYST.....	THOROUGHLY CONFUSED
EXPRESSES HIMSELF WELL.....	SPEAKS ENGLISH FLUENTLY
DEVINITLY NOT A DESK MAN.....	DID NOT GO TO COLLEGE
OBTEN SPENDS EXTRA HOURS ON THE JOB.....	HAS A MISERABLE HOME LIFE
A TRUE SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN.....	A HILLBILLY
METICULOUS IN ATTENTION TO DETAIL.....	A NIT PICKER
DEMONSTRATES QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP.....	HAS A LOUD VOICE
JUDGMENT IS USUALLY SOUND.....	LUCKY
MAINTAINS A PROFESSIONA ATTITUDE.....	A SNOB

KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR..... AS A VAST REPERTOIRE OF JOKES
 STRONG ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLES..... STUBBORN
 CAREER MINDED..... HATES RESERVISTS
 GETS ALONG EXTREMELY WELL WITH SUPERIORS
 AND SUBORDINATES ALIKE..... A COWARD
 AVERAGE OFFICER OR NCO..... NOT TOO BRIGHT
 SLIGHTLY BELOW AVERAGE..... STUPID
 A VERY FINE OFFICER OF GREAT VALUE TO
 THE SERVICE..... USUALLY GETS TO WORK ON TIME
 DEVELOPS A GOOD "TEAM FEELING"..... HAS EVERYBODY MAD AT HIM
 OUTSTANDING ABILITY TO GET THE MAXIMUM
 OUT OF HIS MEN AND ALL AVAILABLE
 RESOURCES..... A SLAVEDRIVER
 EXCEPTIONALLY EFFECTIVE IN THE UTILIZA-
 TION OF RESOURCES..... STINGY
 OUTSTANDING ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE
 IDEAS TO OTHERS..... TEXT ASSIGNMENT -- INSTRUCTOR DUTY AT
 INDIAN HEAD
 ACTIVELY SEEKS OUT ADDED RESPONSIBILITIES. BUCKING FOR PROMOTION OR JUST BRAIN
 NOSY
 CORRECTLY INTERPRETS RATHER DIFFICULT
 INSTRUCTIONS..... SPELL IT OUT FOR HIM

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MISSION DEBRIEF FORM
USED BY FEARLESS SPUD DRIVERS

DATE

MISSION NUMBER _____ TIME ON TARGET _____
DID YOU FIND TARGET AREA (CHECK ONE) YES _____ NO not sure

THE AIRCRAFT FELL APART: BEFORE _____ AFTER _____ TAKE-OFF

DID YOU RECEIVE UNFRIENDLY FIRE: YES _____ NO _____

ESTIMATED NUMBER OF ROUNDS _____ ESTIMATED NUMBER OF HIST _____

CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

AK-47-----	M-16	SAM-2	MIG-19
MORTARS	52CAL	SAM-7	MID 21
23MM	57MM	SAM-4	OTHER
85MM	100MM	MIG 17	ALL THE ABOVE

DID YOU RECEIVE FRIENDLY FIRE YES _____ NO _____ (SEE LIST ABOVE)

Did the to fire at 4000

AIRCRAFT PROBLEMS (CHECK APPROPRIATE ITEM)

SENSOR MAL	TO EJECTION SEAT
ENGINE(S) INOP	AND CANOPY MISSING
ENGINE(S) MISSING	UPPER FIRING HANDLE
EXCESS BULLET OR	FAILED IN FLIGHT
SHRAPNEL DAMAGE	HYDRAULIC FAILURE
PILOT OVER-VOLTAGE	LIFE RAFT DEPLOYED
LIGHT STAYS ON	INSIDE COCKPIT
PANIC BUTTON INOP	TIRES FLAT

STRUTS FLAT _____
BUTTS FLAT _____
BEERS FLAT _____
PILOT DRUNK _____
AUTO PILOT SLAVED TO
F M RADIO _____

WHY DID YOUR ABORT: EXPLAIN ALL IN DETAIL:

WEATHER _____
GROUND FIRE _____
T.O. MISSING _____
PILOT MISSING _____
AIRPLANE MISSING _____
ENGINES WON'T START _____
PILOT DEAD DRUNK _____
ADF WILL NOT TUNE AFVN _____
OTHER _____

All of above

PHU BAI G C A

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG SPUD PILOT.

"MISS SMITH WAS BORN IN 1912 AND SHE LOST HER FATHER IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR... HER MOTHER MANAGED TO KEEP THE FAMILY TOGETHER AND MISS SMITH GOT MARRIED IN 1939 AND BECAME MRS JONES. MR JONES BECAME SERGEANT JONES AND WENT TO WAR AND IN TWO YEARS MRS JONES GOT A TELEGRAM TELLING HER THAT SHE WAS NOW THE WIDOW JONES... WELL THE WIDOW JONES STRUGGLED AND KEPT HER FAMILY AND WHEN HER SON JOHNNY GREW UP HE JOINED THE ARMY AND WENT INTO ARMY AVIATION... THEN HE WENT TO VIET NAM AND BECAME A SPUD... EVERY DAY THE WIDOW JONES WENT TO THE MAILBOX AND PULLED OUT A LETTER FROM JOHNNY... THE ONE DAY THE LETTER DIDN'T COME...THE NEXT DAY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR 'KNOCK, KNOCK' THE WIDOW JONES WENT TO THE DOOR AND THERE STOOD A MAN IN UNIFORM..."OH WONDERFUL" THE WIDOW JONES DID SAY " YOU MUST BE THE NEW POSTMAN WITH A LETTER FROM MY SON". "NO MADAM, THIS IS A RATHER SPECIAL TELEGRAM" THE MAN IN UNIFORM SAID. "OH, I KNOW ITS A SINGING TELEGRAM, A SINGING TELEGRAM FROM MY SON." " WELL, MA'AM IT'S NOT EXACTLY A SINGING TELEGRAM" THE MAN IN UNIFORM SAID. "OH YES, I JUST KNOW THAT ITS A SINGING TELEGRAM---PLEASE MR TELEGRAM MAN SING ME MY TELEGRAM..."

AND THIS IS WHAT THE MAN IN UNIFORM SANG:

YOUR SON IS DEAD, THEY SAY--HE BOUGHT THE FARM TODAY,
HE GOT BELOW GLIDESLOPE ON THE PHU BAI G C A
AND NOW HE'S ON THE GROUND, HE'S SORT OF SPREAD AROUND
WHAT....MORE...CAN....I ...SAY....

(CHORUS)

YOUR...SONS COMIN HOME IN A BODY BAG, DOO DAH, DOO DAH
YOUR SONS COMING HOME IN A BODY BAG, DOO DAH, DOO DAH DAY
SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD---THAT MOTHERFUCKERS DEAD
YOUR SONS COMING HOME IN A BODY BAG, OH DOO DAH DAY

AND THE GRIEVING WIDOW SAID " HOW DID MY SON GO?"

STRAIGHT DOWN !

"WELL, WHAT WAS MY SON DOING?"

300 KNOTS!

(CHORUS)

WILL I'VE GOT A JOB IN THE ONE THIRTY FIRST, DOO DAH, DOO DAH,
I'M TAKING BETS ON WHO'LL DIE FIRST, OH, DOO DAH DAY
WILL IT BE IR? NO, PERHAPS ITS SLAR.
YOUR SONS COMING HOME IN A BODY BAG, ALL THE DOO DAH DAY

DON'T WRAP 'EM, BAG 'EM!! IN BAGGIES!!!

MARBLE MOUNTAIN BLUES

(TUNE OF "ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL")

WELL, I HEAR THAT PLANE A-LEAVING, IT JUST FLEW ROUND THE BEND
I AIN'T SEEN THE WORKED SINCE I DON'T REMEMBER WHEN
WELL, I'M STUCK AT MARBLE MOUNTAIN, AND TIME KEEPS DRAGGIN' ON,
I SEE THAT PLANE A-LEAVING, HEADED DOWN TO OLD SAIGON.

WELL, JUST WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN, MY MAMMA SAID, "HEY SON
DON'T GO INTO THE ARMY, AND YOUR WON'T WIND UP IN 'NAM,
WELL, I WENT ON AND ENLISTED, GUESS WHERE I AM TODAY,
NOW I WISH THAT C-130, WOULD CARRY MY BLUES AWAY?

WELL, IF THEY FREED ME FROM OLD MARBLE, IF THAT 130 WAS MINE,
YOU CAN BET I'D FLY IT ON A WHOLE LOT FARTHER DOWN THE LINE,
WELL, AS FAR FROM MARBLE MOUNTAIN, THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO STAY--
AND LET THAT SEVEN FORTY SEVEN, TAKE ME TO THE USA.

WELL, I'LL BET MY BROTHER'S DRIVIN' A BRAND NEW SHINY VETTE,
WHILE I'M STUCK HERE AT MARBLE, GETTIN' MY ASS SOAKING WET
WELL, I'M STUCK AT MARBLE MOUNTAIN AND THAT'S WHERE I'LL REMAIN
TILL THAT SEVEN FORTY SEVEN, TAKES ME TO THE USA.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

OH, I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR,
I WOULD RATHER HANG AROUND THE PICCADILLY UNDERGROUND,
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNINGS OF A HIGH CLASS LADY,

I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE-HOLE, I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY
I'D RATHER STAY IN LONDON, IN BLIMEY, BLIMEY LONDON,
AND FORNIFICATE ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY, OF BLIMEY

MONDAY I GRABBED HER BY THE ANKLES, TUESDAY I GRABBED HER BY THE KNEE,
WEDNESDAY WITH GREAT SUCCESS, I FINALLY LIFTED UP HER DRESS,
THURSDAY I GRABBED HER BY THE THIGH, YIGH, YIGH, YIGH,
FRIDAY I GOT ME HANDS UPON IT, SATURDAY I GAVE IT JUST A TWECK, TWECK, TWECK
AND SUNDAY AFTER SUPPER, I RAMMED THE OLD BOU UP HER,
AND NOW SHE'S GAININ' SEVEN POUNDS A WEEK! OH BLIMEY.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY, I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR,"
I WOULD RATHER HANG AROUND, THE PICCADILLY UNDERGROUND,
LIVIN' OFF THE EARNIN'S OF A HIGH CLASS LADY,
I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE-HOLE, I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY,
I'D RATHER STAY IN MARBLE, IN BLOODY BLOODY MARBLE----
AND MASTERBATE ME BLOOMIN LIFE AWAY....

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND, IT'S SURE NOT MY LAND
FROM THE MEKONG DELTA, TO THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS
FROM THE STEAMING JUNGLES, TO THE GULF OF TONKIN
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU NOT ME

THIS LAND IS OUR LAND, IT'S SURE NOT MY LAND
IF THIS WAS MY LAND, I'D MAKE IT WASTELAND
I'D GET UP WAY HIGH, AND WATCH THE DINKS FLY
THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR YOU NOT ME!

"NO MOHAWK PILOTS"

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN THE STATES,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN THE STATES,
THEY'RE ALL ON FOREIGN SHORES-MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES
THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN THE STATES.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN CAN THO,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN CAN THO,
THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, DRESSED IN PANTIES AND BRASSIERES,
OF THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN CAN THO.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN VUNG TAU,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN VUNG TAU,
THEY'RE IN THE U.S.O., WEARING WOMEN'S FANCY CLOTHES,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN VUNG TAU.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU HIEP,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU HIEP,
OH YES THEY FIGHT THE WAR, FROM THEIR MILLION DOLLAR BAR,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU HIEP.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN LONG THANH,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN LONG THANH,
THERE'S JUST A MOTLEY MOB-WITH A SILLY FUCKING JOB,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN LONG THANH.

OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU BAI,
OH THERE ARE NO MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU BAI,
NO LONGER COULD THEY DALLY-AFTER THEY BURN OUT PISS VALLEY,
OH THERE ARE NO MORE MOHAWK PILOTS IN PHU BAI.

(NO MORE MOHAWK PILOTS--CONT)

THERE'S A BUNCH OF SHAGGY TECH REPS IN DA NANG,
THERE'S A BUNCH OF SHAGGY TECH REPS IN DA NANG,
THEY SIT AROUND AND BROOD-ABOUT THE RISING COST OF FOOD,
THERE'S A BUNCH OF SHAGGY TECH REPS IN DA NANG.

THERE ARE A BUNCH OF MOHAWK PILOTS IN DA NANG,
THERE ARE A BUNCH OF MOHAWK PILOTS IN DA NANG,
THEIR BALLS ARE RATHER BIG-THEY SAY FUCK THE SAMS AND THE MIGH,
THERE ARE A BUNCH OF MOHAWK PILOTS IN DA NANG.

THE ANGELS IN THE WAR FLY IN THE SOUTH,
THE ANGELS IN THE WAR FLY IN THE SOUTH,
SPUDS FLY THROUGH FLAK AND LEAD-WHERE THE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD,
THE ANGELS IN THE WAR FLY WAAAY DOWN SOUTH.

TCHEPONE

I WAS HANGING AROUND OPS, JUST WASTING MY TIME,
OFF OF THE SCHEDULE, NOT EARNING A DIME,
WHEN A MAJOR STEPS UP, AND HE SAYS I SUPPOSE,
YOU FLY A MOHAWK FROM YOUR BLACK FLYING CLOTHES,
WELL YOU FIGURES ME RIGHT SIR, I'M A GOOD ONE I SAY,
DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ME A MISSION TODAY?
HE SAYS YES I HAVE, IT'S A REAL EASY ONE,
NO SWEAT MY BOY, ITS AN OLD TIME MIEK RUN.

WELL I GETS ALL EXCITED AND I ASKS WHERE ITS AT,
HE GIVES ME A WINK AND A TIP OF HIS HAT,
IT'S TWO EIGHT ZERO, AND NINETY FROM HOME,
A SMALL PEACEFUL HAMLET THAT'S KNOWN AS TCHEPONE.

"OH YOU'LL SURE LIKE TCHEPONE"

I PUTS ON MY HARNES, AND I STRAPS ON MY GUN,
WIRH HELMET AND GLOVES, OUT THE DOOR ON THE RUN,
I FIRES UP MY MOHAWK AND TAKES TO THE AIR,
TWO LOCKED IN TIGHT, WE HAVEN'T A CARE.

IN TWENTY FIVE MINUTES WE'RE OVER THAT TOWN,
FROM EIGHT POINT FIVE THOUSAND WE'RE LOOKING AROUND,
PUSH IN THE BREAKERS AND DIAL IN THE MILS,
RACK UP MY WING AND GO IN FOR THE KILL.

I FEEL A BIT SORRY FOR FOLKE DOWN BELOW,
OF DESTRUCTION THAT'S COMING THEY SURELY DONT KNOW,
BUT THE THOUGHT PASSES QUICKLY, WE KNOW WAR IS ON,
DOWNWARD WE SCREAM TOWARD THAT TOWN CALLED TCHEPONE.

"TCHEPONE" (CANT)

"UNSUSPECTING, PEACEFUL TCHEPONE"

MY PANELS ALL HOT, AND THE PIPPER'S JUST RIGHT,
I PICKLES A COUPLE, I LAYS EM IN TIGHT,
I PICKLES THOSE BEAUTIES FROM TWO POINT FIVE GRAND
STARTED MY PULLUP WHEN THE SHIT HIT THE FAN.

THERE'S AN AIR BURST IN FRONT, AND TWO OFF TO MY RIGHT
THERE'S EIGHT OR TEN OTHERS, I SUCKS IT UP TIGHT,
THERE'S SMALL ARMS, THERE'S TRACER, THERE'S HEAVY ACK-ACK,
IT'S SCATTERED TO BROKEN IN ALL KINDS OF FLAK.
WEE I JINXED TO THE LEFT, AND PULLS UP TOWARD THE BLUE
MY WING MAN SAYS::LEAD, THEY'RE SHOOTING AT YOU"
"NO SHIT" I CRY AS I POINTS IT TOWARD HOME,
STILL COMES THE FIRE FROM THAT TOWN SALLED TCHEPONE.

"DIRTY, DEADLY TCHEPONE"

I GETS BACK TO MARBLE, SIX HOLES IN MY BIRD,
WITH THAT MAJOR WHO SENT ME, I'D SURE LIKE A WORD,
BUT HE'S NOWHERE AROUND, THOUGH I LOOK NEAR AND FAR,
THEY SENT HIM TO SAIGON TO HELP WIN THE WAR.

WELL I'VE BEEN ROUND THIS COUNTRY FOR MANY A DAY
I'VE SEEN ALL THE SHIT THAT THEY'RE THROWING MY WAY,
BUT I;LL BET ALL MY FLIGHT PAY THE HAWK JOCK'S NOT BORN,
WHO CAN KEEP ALLA HIS COOL FLYING OVER TCHEPONE.

"NO DON'T GO TO TCHEPONE"

SAN, SAM

SAM, SAM, THE LAVATORY MAN,
WELL:HEES THE CHIEF INSPECTOR OF THE PUBLIC CAN,
HE BRINGS IN THE PAPER, AND HE BRINGS IN THE TOWELS
AND HE LISTENS TO THE RUMBLE OF THE PEOPLE'S BOWELS.

WELL DOWN, DOWN, DEEP INTHE GROUND
WELL A HEAR THOSE TURDS COME A TUMBALIN DOWN,
WELL ITS FLIP, FLOP HEAR THEM DROP,
SAMS GOT THE SHIT HOUSE BLEES----DA DA DADADA, SAMS GOT THE S.H. BLUES.

SAVE A MOHAWK PILOT'S ASS

WELL I WAS CRUISING DOWN THE MEKONG DOING TWO AND TWENTY PER
A CALL CAME FROM MY T.O. HE SAID "WON'T YOU SAVE US SIR
WE GOT FLAK HOLES IN OUR DROP TANKS, WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF GAS,
MAYDAY-MAYDAY-MAYDAY-WE GOT SIX MIGS ON OUR ASS"

CHORUS:

HALLELUJA, HALLELUJA
THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS,
SAVE A MOHAWK PILOT'S ASS
HALLELUJA, HALLELUJA
THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS
AND YOU'LL BE SAVED!

I SHOT MY TRAFFIC PATTERN, TO ME IT LOOKED ALL RIGHT
THE AIRSPEED READ 100, I REALLY RACKED IT TIGHT
THE AIRFRAME GAVE A SHUDDER, AND THE ENGINES GAVE A WHEEZE
MAYDAY-MAYDAY-MAYDAY- SPIN INSTRUCTIONS PLEASE.

(CHORUS)

THEY SENT ME OUT TO ATTAPO, THE BRIEF SAID NO ACK-ACK
BY THE TIME THAT I ARRIVED THERE, MY WINGS WERE MOSTLY FLAK,
I FELT THE AIRFRAME SHUDDER, I WAS TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

(CHORUS)

SPLIT S ON MY GUN RUN, I GOT TOO GODDAMNED LOW
I LINED THAT LITTLE PIPPER UP, AND LET THOSE BAGIES GO,
I SUCKED THE STICK BACK SHARPLY, AND I HIT A HIGH SPEED STALL,
NOW I WON'T SEE MY MOTHER WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL.

(CHORUS)

THEY SENT ME OUT TO SARAVEEN, I HAD TO LEAVE THE PLANE
I EVADED ALL THAT NIGHT AND DAY, TILL I WAS SAFE AGAIN,
I OPENED MY SURVIVAL KIT TO SEE WHAT WAS IN IT--
THAT GODDAMNED CAPT SMITH, HAD FILLED IT UP WITH SHIT!

(CHORUS)

THE BALLAD OF THE SPUDS

SCREAMING MOHAWKS IN THE SKY
DRUNKEN PILOTS, WITH BLOODSHOT EYES
MAJORS, CAPTAINS, ALL WARRANTS TOO
THESE ARE MEN, THE MOHAWK CREW

(CHORUS)

PILOT WINGS UPON THEIR CHEST
~~IES AND HE KNEW THE LOWER HE ESTHEM KIC~~ THEY'RE BEST
I DOUBT IF ONE COULD FLY A KITE

MEN WHO LOVE OFF NATURE'S LAND
THAT IS IF NATURE IS IN THAILAND
ONE HUNDRED TRIPS, THEY MAKE EACH MONTH
FOR A PIECE OF ASS, AND A STEAK FOR LUNCH

CHOROUS

BACK AT HOME ARE WIVES ALONE
THEY PRAY THEIR HUSBANDS WILL MAKE IT HOME
IF THEY KNEW HOW THESE GUYS FLY
THEY'D GET INSURANCE, ALL THEY COULD BUY

CHOROUS

PILOTS OF THE ONE THIRTY FIRST
THESE ARE MEN, AMERICA'S WORST
THREE HUNDRED MEN, AND ALL ARE DUDS
THEY MAKE THE CREW OF THE SHIT HOT SPUDS

CHOROUS

THE HELICOPTER MAN

WELL HE STOMPED INTO OPERATIONS WITH A SNEER UPON HIS FACE,
SLAMMED THE DOOR AND GLARED AROUND, JUST LIKE HE OWNED THE PLACE
HE HOLLERED FOR A COFFEE OUR, AND A PEN TO FILE A PLAN,
WE KNEW FROM HIS SEEDY LOOK--HE WAS A HELICOPTER MAN.

WELL HE RAN RIGHT OUT AND CRANKED IT UP, THEY DON'T PREFLIGHT THAT BIRD
HE FIRED UP AND DROVE AWAY AND THAT'S THE LAST WE HEARD
SOMEWHERE HE'S OUT THERE SWEARIN THAT WE SABOTAGED HIS FAN--
A TYPICAL TRUCK DRIVER--HE'S A HELICOPTER MAN.

WELL HE LANDED IN THE PADDIES, AND HE ENDED UP ALL WET,
HE WISHED INSTEAD OF CHOPPERS, HE HAD LEARNED TO FLY A JET.
HE RANTED RAVED AND BLUSTERED TOO, HE FRETTERED FUMED AND FUSSED,
HE WEPT, HE SIGHED, HE BAWLED, HE CRIED, HE YELLED AND SCREAMED AND CUSSSED.

THEN FROM THE TREETOP LEVEL, HE HEARD A FUNNY NOISE,
HE REALIZED HIS SCREAMS HAD BROUGHT----THE FAITHFUL MOHAWK BOYS.
HE SMILED AND WAVED, AND YELLED AND CALLED MANY LOUD AHOYS
TILL THEY PICKED HIM UP AND PACKED HIM OFF TO HIS LITTLE HUEY TOYS
NOW IF YOU WANT TO FLY MY FRIEND, NOW HERE'S A WORD FOR YOU,
DON'T FLY NO SILLY CHOPPER--GO INTO A MOHAWK CREW
AND THEN BE ON THE LOOKOUT WHEN YOU'RE FLYING IN THE LAND
FOR DOWN THERE WAVIN' MADLY IS A HELICOPTER MAN.

MARBLE

MARBLE, OH MARBLES A HELL OF A PLACE
THE ORGANIZATIONS A FUCKING DISGRACE
WITH CAPTAINS AND MAJORS, AND LIGHT COLONELS TOO
THEIR THUMBS UP THEIR ASS HOLES WIAH NOTHING TO DO
THEY STAND ON THE RUNWAY, THEY SCREAM AND THEY SHOUT
ABOUT MANY THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT
FOR ALL THEY ARE DOING, THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE--
SHOVELLING SHIT IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA

RING DING A DING DING, BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS,
BETTER DAYS ARE COMING BYE AND BYE---BULLSHIT!
OH YOU'LL WONDER THERE THE YELLOW WENT--WHEN THE NAPALM HISTS THE ORIENT
HO CHI MINH WEARS NOMEX----POSTHUMOUSLY!!

THE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT ARE MIGHTY STRANGE TOO,
YOU CANT SHOOT THEM BASTARDS--TILL THEY SHOOT AT YOU
THE SKIES THAT WE FLY THROUGH ARE FILLED UP WITH FLAK
WE DONT HAVE PERMISSION--SO WE CANT SHOOT BACK
THEY GAVE ME PERMISSION, BUT ITS NOT MUCH FUN
THEY GAVE ME A CLEARANCE--AND TOOK OFF MY GUNS
ITS REALLY AMAZING--HOW EVERYONE THINKS
YOU MUST JOIN THE AIR FORCE BEFORE YOU KILL DINKS.

ODE TO THE GRUMMAN OV-1
(GRUMMAN'S ULTRA HOG)

TUNE: WABASH CANNONBALL

LISTEN TO THE RATTLE, THE GRUNTIN AND THE WHEEZE,
AS SHE ROLLS ALONG OLD MARBLE, BY THE SAND AND BY THE TREES,
HEAR THE MIGHTY ROARIN' ENGINES, AS YOU LEAP INTO THE FOG,
YOU'RE FLYIN' THROUGH MIG COUNTRY IN THE GRUMMAN ULTRA HOG.

HERE'S TO MACNAMARA, HIS NAME WILL ALWAYS SMELL,
HE'LL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED DOWN IN MOHAWK PILOTS' HELL,
HE FRAGS OUT ALL OUR TARGETS, WE PUNDH OUT AND WE RUN,
HE SENDS US INTO COMBAT IN, THE GRUMMAN OV-1

OH-CAME UP FROM OLD MARBLE, ONE STEAMY SUMMER DAY,
AS WE'ER MAPPING UP OUR TARGET, YOU COULD HEAR THE T.O. SAY,
"SHE'S BIG AND FAT AND UGLY, SHE'S REALLY QUITE A DOG,
SHE'S KNOWN AROUND MIG COUNTRY AS THE GRUMMAN ULTRA HOG."

ODE TO SHIT-HOT SPUD WIVES

I LOVE MY WIFE, YES I DO , YES I DO, I LOVE HER DEARLY
I LOVE THE HOLE, THAT SHE PISSES THROUGH
I LOVE HER TITS, HAIRY TITS, AND THE HAIR AROUND HER ASS HOLE
I'D EAT HER SHIT, GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE GOBBLE IF SHE ASKED ME TO
IF SHE ASKED ME TO...

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1A, IT FLIES LIKE A FIGHTER THEY SAY,
IT STALLS OUT IN TURNS, AND IT CRASHES AND BURNS,
DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1A
(CHORUS)

NO, GIVE ME OPERATIONS WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL,
FOR I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE, I JUST WANT TO GROW OLD.

THOSE SHIT HOOKS THEY CARRY THE WEIGHT, BUT THE BLADES THEY COUNTERROTATE
ITS A FAIR WEATHER COFFIN, THAT CRASHES SO OFTEN,
THOSE SHIT-HOOKS CARRY THE WEIGHT.
(CHORUS)

DON'T TELL ME A HUEY IS MINE, THE ENGINE IS MOUNTED BEHIND,
THEY TUMBLE AND SPIN, AND THEY'LL AUGER YOU IN
DON'T TELL ME A HUEY IS MINE.
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A C MODEL HAWK, ABOUT IT THE PILOTS ALL SQUAWK,
IT FLIES LIKE A SPARROW, BUT THE GEAR IS TOO NARROW,
NO, DON'T GIVE ME A CMODEL HAWK.
(CHORUS)

GIVE ME OPERATIONS (CONT)

DON'T GIVE ME A COBRA NO MORE, SHE'S JUST A GROUND LOVING WHORE,
SHE'LL WHINE, MOAN, AND WHEEZE, AND MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE TREES,
DON'T GIVE ME A COBRA NO MORE.
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A DAMNED OV-1, FOR NIGHT FLYING IT IS NO FUN,
BY DAY ITS A LARK, BUT I'M SCARED OF THE DARK,
DON'T GIVE ME A DAMNED OV-1
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A LIL' OH-6
WITH BLADES LIKE BROKEN MATCH STICKS
"DROP FIVE" SAYS THE COACH, "FROM THE BRIGHT BURNING LEACH"
DON'T GIVE ME AN OH-6
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1B, WITH SLAR, RADAR AND TV
SHE'S FAST, I DON'T CARE, SHE BLOWS UP IN MIDAIR,
DON'T GIVE ME AN OV-1B
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME A C-45, SO SLOW IT STALLS OUT IN A DIVE,
IT'S A GROUND LOOPING BASTARD, YOU'RE SURE TO GET PLASTERED,
DON'T GIVE ME A C-45
(CHORUS)

GIVE ME AN OV-1D, IT'S GOT EVERYTHING--DON'T YOU SEE...
IT'LL COVER YOUR ASS IN THE MU GIA PASS, .
GIVE ME AN OV-1D
(CHORUS)

DON'T GIVE ME OPERATIONS , WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL,
A HAWK I'D MUCH RATHER FLY
THE LIFE OF A SPUD IS A BALL

+

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

ON THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
TWO BRASS BALLS, ANDN HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

ON THE THIRD DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
THREEE FRENCH TICKLERS, TWO BRASS BALLS, AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

(TWELVE DAYS OF XMAS, CONT)

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
FOUR COCKSUCKERS, THREE FRENCH TICKLERS, TWO BRASS BALLS,
AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
FIVE...MOTHER...FUCKERS, FOUR COCKSUCKERS, THREE FRENCH TICKLERS,
TWO BRASS BALLS, AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE.

ON THE SIXTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
SIX SACKS OF SHIT, FIVE MOTHER FUCKERS, FOUR COCKSUCKERS, THREE FRENCH TICKLERS,
TWO BRASS BALLS, AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE.

ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME
SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGIN'....(ETC)

ON THE EIGHTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
EIGHT ASS HOLES ACHIN'....(ETC)

ON THE NINTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
NINE NIPPLES NIPPLING... (ETC)

ON THE TENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME
TEN TURDS A TUMBLIN'....(ETC)

ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME,
ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKING,....(ETC)

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME:
TWELVE TEATS A TWITCHIN'
ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKIN'
TEN TURDS A TUMBLIN'
NINE NIPPLES NIPPLIN'
EIGHT ASS HOLES ACHIN'
SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGIN'
SIX SACKS OF SHIT
FIVE MOTHER FUCKERS
FOUR COCKSUCKERS,
THREE FRENCH TICKLERS
TWO BRASS BALLS
AND A HAND JOB IN A PALM TREE

FUCKING BATTLE HYMN OF THE FUCKING SPUDS

WE FLY OUR FUCKING MOHAWKS AT TEN THOUSAND FUCKING FEET
WE FLY OUR FUCKING MOHAWES THROUGH THE RAIN AND SHIT AND SLEET
AND THOUGH WE THINE WE'RE FLYING SOUTH, WE'RE FLYING FUCKING NORTH
AND WE MAKE OUR FUCKING LANDING ON THE FIFTH ~~OF~~ FUCKING FORTH

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY ~~TO~~ DIE,
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,
WE MAKE OUR FUCKING LANDING ON THE FIFTH OF FUCKING FORTH

WE FLY THOSE FUCKING MOHAWKSAT ONE FUCKING THOUSAND FEET,
WE FLY THOSE FUCKING MOHAWKS THROUGH THE TREES AND RICE AND WHEAT,
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE FLY WITH SKILL, WE FLY WITH FUCKING LUCK,
WE DON'T GIVE A FUCKING DAMN, OR CARE A FUCKING FUCK

GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A GELL OF A WAY TO DIE,
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,
BUT WE DON'T GIVE A FUCKING DAMN, OR CARE A FUCKING FUCK

"
WE FLY THOSE FUCKING MOHAWKS A T TWELVE THOUSAND FUCKING FEET,
WE FLY THOSE FUCKINGMOHAWKS THROUGH THE FLAK AND SHIT AND SLEET,
AND THOUGH WE THINK WE'RE RIGHT SIDE UP, WE'RE FLYING FUCKING DOWN
AND WE BUST OUR FUCKING ASSES WHEN WE HIT THE FUCKING GROUND

GLORE, GLORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT A HELL ~~OF~~ A WAY TO DIE,
GLORY, GLORY, WHAT HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,
WHEN WE BUST OUR FUCKING ASSES WHEN WE HIT THE FUCKING GROUND.

STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE
DROP YOUR NAPALM IN THE SQUARE
GET UP EARLY SUNDAY MORNING
CATCH THEM WHILE THEY ARE STILL AT PRAYER

THROW SOME CANDY TO THE CHILDREN
WAIT UNTIL THEY GATHER ROUND
WITH ~~OUR~~ TWENTY MILLIMETER
MOW THE LITTLE BASTARDS DOWN

A S H A U

Ua bosh! Canaan bell

HELLO ASHAU TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK FIFTY ONE
I'D LIKE TO USE YOUR RUNWAY, ALTHOUGH IT'S OVER RUN
A CHOPPER FRIEND IS DOWN THERE, HE'S HIDING IN A DITCH
I'D LIKE TO MAKE A PASSENGER STOP AND SAVE THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH

(CHORUS)

NOW LISTEN TO THE SMALL ARMS, HEAR THE 20 MIKE MIKE ROAR
THOSE A1-E'S ARE BOUNCING OFF THE ASHAU VALLEY FLOOR
HEAR THE ROAR OF ME LYCOMINGS, HEAR HE LONESOME CHOPPER CALL,
WE'LL GET YOU HOME TO MOTHER WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

NOW HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF QUI NHON TO TRY TO SAVE THAT CAMP
THEY GOT HIM IN THEIR GUNSIGHTS AND NOW HIS SHORTS ARE DAMP
THE ENGINE WAS ON FIRE, IT GAVE A FINAL WHEEZE
HE'S HIDING IN THE BUSHES NOW, ALTIMETER SETTING PLEASE
(CHORUS)

THE V C ARE DESCENDING UPON HIS HIDING PLACE
HAVE HIM MEET MY MOHAWK--I'M TURNING ON MY BASE
I SEE HIM OVER YONDER, HE'S RUNNING AWFULLY FAST
WITH A V C RIGHT BEHIND HIM AND AN A-K UP HIS ASS
(CHORUS)

MY WINGMAN SEES A V C, OH STRAFF HIM IF YOU CAN
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET HIM QUICKLY TO SAVE THAT CHOPPER MAN
I'VE GOT HIM IN THE COCKPIT, HE'S STANDING ON HIS HEAD
BETTER LET US TAKE OFF, OR SOON WE'LL BOTH BE DEAD
(CHORUS)

NOW THE TAKEOFF IT WAS FRIGHTFUL, THEY SHOT US FULL OF HOLES,
WE NOW LOOK JUST LIKE A SEIVE, BUT STILL MY MOHAWK ROLLS
THE CHOPPER JOCK IS SHOT TO HELL, I HEAR HIM BREATHE A SIGH,
GOODBY DEAR OED ASHAU, OF LORD I THOUGHT WE'D DIE
(CHORUS)

THE ROARING TRAIN

THE ROARING TRAIN CAME ROUND THE BEND, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE ROARING TRAIN CAME ROUOND THE BEND, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE ROARING TRAIN CAME ROUND THE BEND, FULL OF WHORES AND DRUNKEN MEN
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW,
SON OF A BITCH, SHE BLEW
BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM

THE ROARING TRAIN (CONT)

THE MAID WAS IN THE PARLOUR CAR, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW
THE MAID WAS IN THE PARLOUR CAR, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW
THE MAID WAS IN THE PARLOUR CAR, FUCKING HERSELF WITH A NICKEL CIGAR

AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW
SON OF A BITCH, SHE BLEW
BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM. BAROOM BAROOM

THE PORTER HE WAS MAKIN BEDS, SHE BLEW SHE BLEW
THE PORTER HE WAS MAKIN BEDS, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW
THE PROTER HE WAS MAKIN BEDS---SWEEPIN OUT THE MAIDENHEADS
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW
(CHORUS)

THE FIREMAN HE WAS SHOVELLING COAL, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE FIREMAND HE WAS SHOVELLING COAL, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE FIREMAN HE WAS SHOVELLING COAL--UP THE ENGINEER'S ASSHOLE,
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW
(CHORUS)

THE HOBO HE WAS RIDIN THE ROD , SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE HOBO HE WAS RIDIN THE ROD, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE HOBO HE WAS RIDIN THE ROD--SIXTY NINE CARS RAN OVER HIS COD
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW
(CHORUS)

THE ENGINEER FORSAW THE WRECK, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW
THE ENGINEER FORSAW THE WRECK, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW
THE ENGINEER FORSAW THE WRECK,---HE SPOOD ON HIS HEAD, AND HE SHIT ON HIS NECK,
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW
(CHORUS)

(SAD VERSE)

THE SWITCHMAN HE WAS AT THE SWITCH, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE SWITCHMAN HE WAS AT THE SWITCH, SHE BLEW, SHE BLEW,
THE SWITCHMAN, HE WAS AT THE SWITCH, THEY RAN RIGHT OVER THAT SON OF A BITCH
AND SHE BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, BLEW, SON OF A BITCH SHE BLEW
BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM, BAROOM.

THE BIG BLACK BULL
(DEDICATED TO BIG FRANCIS C. CALLOWAY)

WELL, THE BIG BLACK BULL CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN,
HOUSTON, SAM HOUSTON
WELL, THE BIG BLACK BULL CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN,
A LONG TIME AGO
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,
WELL, THE BIG BLACK BULL CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN,
A LONG TIME AGO.

WELL, HE SPOTTED THAT HEIFER IN THE PASTURE A GRAZIN'
HOUSTON, SAM HOUSTON
WELL, HE SPOTTED THAT HEIFER IN THE PASTURE A GRAZIN'
A LONG TIME AGO
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,
WELL, HE SPOTTED THAT HEIFER IN THE PASTURE A GRAZIN'
A LONG TIME AGO

WELL, HE JUMPED THAT FENCE AND HE HUMPED THAT HEIFER,
HOUSTON, SAM HOUSTON,
WELL, HE JUMPED THAT FENCE AND HE HUMPED THAT HEIFER,
A LONG TIME AGO
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,
A LONG TIME AGO, OH, OH, OH,
WELL, HE JUMPED THAT FENCE AND HE HUMPED THAT HEIFER
A LONG TIME AGO.

MU GIA WATERFALL

BESIDE MU GIA'S WATERFALL, ON A BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY
BESIDE HIS SHATTERED OV-1 A MOHAWK DRIVER LAY,
HIS PARACHUTE HUNG FROM A TREE, HE WAS NOT YET QUITE DEAD,
AND AS V.C. GATHERED ROUND HIM, THIS YOUNG HAWK DRIVER SAID.

I'M GOING TO THAT BETTER, WHERE LYCOMINGS ALWAYS ROAR
WHERE THE I.N.S. WORKS PERFECTLY, SMOOTHER THAN AN OILED WHORE
WHERE THERE ARE NO SAMs AND MIGs AND NO ENEMY AROUND
THER'LL BE APPLE PIE AND THE ROCK AND RIE
SPUD PILOTS GO THER WHEN THEY DIE
IN THE ARMY MOHAWK HEAVEN

THE PILOT LAY BESIDE THE FALLS, THE V.C. CLUSTERED ROUND
"SPUD HEAVENS SUCH A LOVELY PLACE, ANAD THAT'S WHERE I AM BOUND
WITH A PROP BLADE IN HIS LIVER, INBOARD AILERON IN HIS NOSE
HE SAID "I'M UP AND FLYING FAST MY FRIEND, WHERE EVERY SPUD JOCK GOES"

MU GIA WATERFALL (CONT)

"I'M GOING TO THAT BETTER LAND, WHERE MOHAWKS FLY IN STYLE
WHERE THE AUTOMATIC PILOT WORKS, AND WE SIT BACK AND SMILE
THERE'S A GIRL FOR EVERY OFFICER AND A DOZEN FOR THE CREW,
THERE'LL BE BEDS OF HAY IN THE SENSOR BAY,
THE ALQ-80 FALLS AWAY
IN THE ARMY MOHAWK HEAVEN

HIS BREATH CAME FAST, HE COULDN'T LAST, WITH SADNESS THEY ALL EYED HIM
THE V.C. WEPT, THE TEARS ROLLED DOWN, THE POOLS ROSE UP BESIDE HIM
THE WATERS ROSE, THEY REACHED HIS NOSE, HE FLOATED WHERE HE LAY,
AND AS HE DRIFTED OUT OF SIGHT, THE V.C. HEARD HIM SAY,

"I'M FLYING TO THAT BETTER LAND, WHERE THE FLAK DON'T EVER FLY
WHERE THE BULLETS ARE ALL COTTON, AND THE SHELLS ARE APPLE PIE
WHERE THE SHELLS ARE CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS, AND YOU DRINK THEM ON THE FLY
WELL ITS TIME TO LEAVE, SO DON'T YOU GRIEVE
I'LL BE WEARING WINGS ON MY NOVEX SLEEVE
IN THE ARMY MOHAWK HEAVEN.....

SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH

I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEEOH, I SIT ON THE RIGHT
I'M BRAVE AND COURAGEOUS, AND WONDERFULLY BRIGHT,
MY JOB IS REMEMBERING WHAT THE CAPTAIN FORGETS,
I NEVER TALK BACK SO I HAVE NO REGRETS
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH, AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME.

I MAKE OUT THE FLIGHT PLAN AND STUDY THE WEATHER
PULL UP THE GERR, DROP IT, AND STAND BY TO FEATHER
I RUN FOR HIS MAIL CALL AND HIRE HIS WHORES
AND I FLY HIS OLD HAWK TO THE TUNE OF HIS SNORES
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH, AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME

I MAKE OUT HIS FLIGHT PLAN ACCORDING TO HOYLE
I TAKE ALL THE READINGS AND CHECK ON THE OIL
I HUSTLE TO WAKE HIM FOR A MIDNIGHT ALARM
I FLY THROUGH THE CLOUDS WHILE HE SLEEPS ON MY ARM
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME

I BRING HIM HIS COFFEE, I KEEP HIM IN COKE
I LAUGH AT HIS CORN AND HIS TERRIBLE JOKES
AND ONCE IN A WHILE, WHEN HIS LANDINGS ARE RUSTY
I COME THROUGH WITH "YESSIREE, CAPTAIN, IT'S GUSTY"
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME

SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH (CONT)

MY OLD MOHAWK PILOT IS REALLY A STOOGE
I SIT ON THE RIGHT OF THIS HIGH FLYING SCROOGE
SOME DAY I'LL FLY MOHAWKS, AND THEN I'LL BE BLESSED,
I'LL GIVE MY POOR TONGUE A LONG HELL OF A REST
I'M A SHIT HOT SPUD TEE OH AND A LONG WAY FROM HOME.

HELLO MARBLE TOWER

LISTEN TO THE RUMBLE, AND HEAR LYCOMINGS ROAR
I'M FLYING OVER MARBLE LIKE I NEVER FLEW BEFORE
HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF SLIPSTREAM, AND HEAR THE ENGINES MOAN
I'LL WAIT A BIT AND SAY A PRAYER, AND HOPE IT GETS ME HOME

HELLO MARBLE TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK 801
I'M TURNIN ON MY DOWNWIND AND MY PROP HAS OVERRUN
MY OIL HAS OVERHEATED, THE GAUGE SAYS 1-2-1
YOU'D BETTER GET THE CRASH CREW OUT, AND GET THEM ON THE RUN

HELLO MOHAWK 801, THIS IS MARBLE TOWER
I CANNOT CRASH THE CALL CREW OUT, THIS IS THEIR COFFEE HOUR
YOU'RE NOT CLEARED IN THE PATTERN, NOW THAT IS PLAIN TO SEE"
SO TAKE IT ONCE AROUND AGAIN, YOU'RE NOT A V-I-P

HELLO MARBLE TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK 801
I'M TURNING ON MY DOWNWIND LEG, I SEE YOUR SIGNAL GUN
ONE ENGINE'S OVERRUNNING AND THE OTHER 'S GOING TO BLOW
I'M GOING TO LAND THIS OV-1 SO FOLKS, LOOK OUT BELOW

LISTEN MOHAWK 801 THIS IS MARBLE TOWER
WE'D LIKE TO LET YOU IN RIGHT NOW, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT THE POWER.
WE'LL SEND A NOTE THRU CHANNELS AND WAIT FOR THE REPLY
UNTIL WE GET PERMISSION BACK, JUST CHASE AROUND THE SKY

YQ STILL THERE MARBLE TOWER, THIS IS MOHAWK OV-1
I'M TURNING ON THE FINAL, AND MY FLYING DAYS ARE GONE
I'M GONNA LAND THIS MOHAWK NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY
I'VE GOTTA GET MY BAR BILL PAID BEFORE THAT JUDGEMENT DAY.

OK MOHAWK 801, THIS IS JUDGEMENT DAY
YOU'RE IN PILOT'S HEAVEN, NOW, AND YOU ARE HERE TO STAY
YOU HAVE JUST BOUGHT A MOHAWK, AND YOU HAVE BOUGHT IT WELL
THE FAMOUS MOHAWK 801 WAS SENT STRAIGHT DOWN TO HELL

I WANTED WINGS

I'VE BEEN ALIVE, TWENTY YEARS PLUS FOUR OF FIVE
AND I'VE TRIED MANY A PURSUIT.
WENT TO ARMY PILOT'S SCHOOL, LEARNED THE ROPES AND LEARNED THE RULES,
THEN I GOT MY WINGS AND NOMEX SUIT.
AND THEN I WENT ~~TO~~ GET UPGRADED, AND LIKE A FOOL I MADE IT,
THEN A MOHAWK I DID FLY, AND THEY SENT ME OFF TO DIE ..BUSTER.

(CHORUS) I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE

NOW I DON'T CARE TO SPIN, OVER DONG HOE OR THE MINH,
FLAK ALWAYS MAKES ME PUKE. MY LUNCH
WITH MYSELF I NEVER PLAY, WHEN THEY HOLLER BOMBS ~~ROCKY~~
AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR MY BONES GO "CRUNCK"
FOR THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF
AND THAT'S WHEN THEY SHOOT YOUR ASS OFF
I'D RATHER BE HOME BUSTER WITH MY ASS THAN OAK LEAF CLUSTER, BUSTER
(CHORUS)

I'LL TAKE THE DAMES, WHILE THE REST GO DOWN IN FLAMES,
I'VE NO DESIRE TO BE BURNED.
AIR COMBAT SPELLS ROMANCE, BUT IT BROWN MY NOMEX PANTS,
I'M NOT A FIGHTER PILOT I HAVE LEARNED.
IF YOU GET HIT WITH SAMs, YOU'LL FLY FORMATION UP IN HEAVEN
BUT I'D RATHER FUCK A WOMAN THAN BE SHOT DOWN IN A GRUMMAN, BUSTER.
(CHORUS)

NOW THE GRUMMAN OV-1 IS JUST THIRTY EIGHT HALF-TONS
IT'S THE GRUMMAN ULTRA-HOG AS YOU CAN SEE,
TWO TACANS JUST FOR BRUNCH, THREE INVERTERS NOWFOR LUNCH
WITH PIECED FALLING OFF OUR SUPER C
CIRCUIT BOARDS AND WIRES GALORE, IT'S AN ELECTRICIAN'S WHORE
THE DIRTY SONS OF BITCHES, FILLED IT WITH THREE THOUSAND SWITCHES, BUSTER
(CHORUS)

NOW I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE, IN A GODDAMNED PBY
THAT'S FOR THE EAGER, NOT FOR ME,
I WAN'T TRUST IN LUCK, TO BE PICKED UP IN A DUCK,
AFTER I'VE CRASHED INTO THE SEA
'CAUSE I'D RATHER BE A BELL HOP THAN A PILOT ON A FLAT-TOP
WITH MY HAND AROUND A BOTTLE, NOT AROUND A GODDAMNED THROTTLE BUSTER.
(CHORUS)

I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GODDAMNED THINGS,
NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANE MORE,
THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO FLY, THEN THEY SENT ME OFF ~~TO~~ DIE,
I'VE HAD A BELLY FULL OF WAR,
YOU CAN SAVE THOSE FUCKING MIGH, FOR THE GUYS WITH BALLS SO BIG,
DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES, DO NOT COMPENSTE FOR LOSSES, BUSTER.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

COME AND FLY A MOHAWK
WE'RE A HAPPY BAND THEY SAY
WE NEVER DO A LICK OF WORK
JUST FLY AROUND ALL DAY
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD
AND SOON GROW OLD AND BLIND
WE TAKE TO THE AIR WITHOUT A CARE
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND

(CHORUS)

YOU'LL NEVER MIND, YOU'LL NEVER MIND
SO COME AND FLY A MOHAWK
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND

COME AND GET PROMOTED JUST
AS HIGH AS YOU DESIRE
YOU'RE RIDING ON A GRAVEY TRAIN
IF YOU'RE A MOHAWK FLIER
AND WHEN YOU GET TO GENERAL, YOU WILL
SURELY FIND,
THE ENGINES COUGH, YOUR WING FALL OFF
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND

(CHORUS)

YOU TAKE IT UP AND SPIN IT
AND WITH AN AWFUL TEAR
YOUR WINGS FALL OFF, THE SHIP SPINS IN
BUT YOU WILL NEVER CARE
FOR IN ABOUT ONE MINUTE MORE
ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL FIND
YOU'LL DANCE WITH PETE AND HIS ANGELS SWEET
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND

(CHORUS)

WHILE FLYING WEST PACIFIC
YOU HEAR THE ENGINES SPIT
YOU WATCH THE TACHS COME TO A STOP
THE GODDAMN THINGS HAVE QUIT
THE SHIP WON'T FLOAT, YOU CAN NOT SWIM
THE SHORE IS MILES BEHIND
OH, WHAT A DISH FOR CRABS AND FISH
BUT YOU WILL NEVER MIND

(CHORUS)

WHILE FLYING OVER LAOS IN
A MOHAWK OV-1
THERE'S ONE TARGET LOTS OF FUN
WITH SA-7'S, SAM'S AND MIG'S
GODDAMN IT, IF I'M HIT
IT'LL BE UP THERE AAL BY ITSELF
CAUSE I WILL SHIT AND GIT

(CHORUS)

YOU WILL NEVER MIND (CONT)

AND IF SOME WILY MIG-21
SHOULD SHOOT YOU DOWN IN FLAMES
DON'T SIT AROUND AND BELLYACHE
AND CALL THE BASTARDS NAMES
JUST HIT THE SILK, IT'S CREAM AND MILK
AND PRETTY SOON YOU'LL FIND
THERE IS NO HELL AND ALL IS WELL
AND YOU WILL NEVER MIND
(CHORUS)

COLD COLD WATER

ALL DAY AND NIGHT IN THIS MOHAWK KITE
AND THE ONLY SIGHT IS WATER, COLD WATER
ING AND I WITH HOPES HELD HIGH
BUT TRACKS DIE OVER WATER, COLD SALT WATER

YOU'RE FLYING MIGHTY HIGH, WHEN WE
HEAR THE PILOT SIGH, THAT THE ENGINES
GOING TO DIE, AND I'LL SEE YOU BY
AND BY, IN THE WATER

T.O. CAN'T YOU SEE, THAT B'G C-B
WHERE THE LIGHTNING'S FLASHING FREE
AND IT'S WAITING FOR YOU AND ME
TO CRASH IN WATER, COLD SALT WATER
ALL DAY WE TRACK, BOTH UP AND BACK
WITHOUT A LACK OF WATER, COLD WATER

WE'RE LATE TO SHAD AND THINGS LOOK BAD
I THINK WE'RE HAD--DANN WATER, COLD SALT WATER

KEEP A TURNING FANS, TILL AT LEAST WE'RE
CLOSE TO LAND, WE'RE PARTNERS I'LL BE DAMNED, BUT
WE'D RATHER DITCH IN SAND THAN WATER

T.O. CAN'T YOU SEE, THAT BIG C-B
WHERE THE LIGHTNING'S FLASHING FREE
AND IT'S WAITING THERE FOR YOU AND ME
TO SPLASH--IN WATER, COLD SALT WATER

BIG PRICK OF STEEL

I ONCE KNEW A SAILOR BEFORE HE DIED,
I DON'T KNOW BUT THAT BASTARD LIED,
HE MARRIED A MAIDEN WITH A SNATCH SO WIDE,
THAT SHE COULD NEVER BE SATISFIED.

WOMB, CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

HE BUILT HIMSELF A BIG FUCKING WHEEL,
MOUNTED ON IT A BIG PRICK OF STEEL,
TWO BALLS OF BRASS, THEY FILLED WITH BRYLCRAM,
AND THE WHOLE DAMN THING WAS POWERED BY STEAM

WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

AROUND AND AROUND WENT THAT BIG FUCKING WHEEL,
IN AND OUT WENT THAT BIG PRICK OF STEEL,
UNTIL ATLAST THE MAIDEN CRYED,
"ENOUGH, ENOUGH," I'M SATISFIED

WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

ALAS THER WAS ONE FAULT IN IT
THER WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT,
IT RIPPED THAT POOR MAIDEN FROM ASSHOLE TO TIT,
AND THE WHOLE DAMN THING WENT UP IN SHIT.

WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB CHI CHI, WOMB

INTERVIEW WITH A PHANTOM PILOT

THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW WAS RECORDED WHEN A CIVILIAN CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWED A SHY, UNASSUMING AIR FORCE F4 PHANTOM JET FIGHTER PILOT. TO MAKE SURE THE TRUE AIR FORCE STORY WAS TOLD, THE WING INFORMATION OFFICER WAS ON HAND. THE CAPT. WAS FIRST ASKED HIS OPINION OF THE F4C PHANTOM

"IT'S SO FUCKING MANEUVERABLE YOU CAN FLY UP YOUR OWN ASS WITH IT."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS SO SAY IS THAT HE HAS FOUND THE F4C HIGHLY MANEUVERABLE AT ALL ALTITUDES AND HE CONSIDERS IT AN EXCELLENT AIRCRAFT FOR ALL MISSIONS ASSIGNED.

"I SUPPOSE CAPTAIN, THAT YOU'VE FLOWN A CERTAIN NUMBER OF MISSIONS IN NORTH VIET NAM. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE SAM'S USED BY THE NORTH VIETNAMESE?"

"WHY THOSE BASTARDS COULDN'T HIT A BULL IN THE ASS WITH A BASS FIDDLE. WE FAKED THE SHIT OUT OF THEM. IT'S NO SWEAT?"

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE SURFACE TO AIR MISSILES AROUND HANOI POSE A SERIOUS THREAT TO OUR AIR OPERATIONS AND THAT THE PILOTS HAVE A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THEM."

"I SUPPOSE, CAPTAIN, THAT YOU'VE FLOWN MISSIONS TO THE SOUTH. WHAT KIND OF ORDINANCE DO YOU USE AND WHAT KIND OF TARGETS DO YOU HIT?"

"WELL, I TELL YA, MOSTLY WE AIM TO KICKING THE SHIT OUT OF VIETNAMESE VILLAGES, AND MY FAVORITE ORDINANCE IS NAPALM, MAN, THAT STUFF JUST SUCKS THE AIR RIGHT OUT OF THEIR FRIGGIN LUNGS AND MAKES A SON OF A BETCHIN FIRE."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE AIR STRIKES IN SOUTH VIET NAM ARE OFTEN AGAINST VIET CONG STRUCTURES, AND ALL OPERATIONS ARE ALWAYS UNDER THE POSITIVE CONTROL OF A FORWARD AIR CONTROLLER, OR FAC. THE ORDINANCE EMPLOYED IS CONVENTIONAL 500 AND 750 POUND BOMBS AND 20 MILLIMETER CANNON FIRE."

"I SUPPOSE YOU WENT ON R&R IN HONG KONG. WHAT WAS YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE ORIENTAL GIRLS?"

"YEAH, I WENT TO HONG KONG, AND AS FAR AS THOSE ORIENTAL BROADS, WELL, IT DON'T MATTER WHICH WAY THE RUNWAY RUNS, EAST-WEST, NORTH-SOUTH, A PIECE OF ASS IS A PIECE OF ASS."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT HE FOUND THE DELICATELY FEATHERED ORIENTAL GIRLS MOST FASCINATING AND WAS VERY IMPRESSED WITH THEIR FINE MANNERS" AND THINKS THEIR NEAVEETE MOST CHARMING"

"TELL ME, CAPTAIN, HAVE YOU FLOWN ANY MISSIONS OTHER THAN IN NORTH AND SOUTH VIET NAM?"

"YOU BET YOUR SWEET ASS I'VE FLOWN OTHER MISSIONS THAN IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH. WE GET FRAGGED EVERY DAY FOR...THOSE BASTARDS THROW EVERYTHING AT YOU, EVEN THE KITCHEN SINK. EVEN THE GODDAMN KIDS GOT SLING-SHOTS."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT OCCASIONALLY HE FLIES MISSIONS IN THE EXTREME WESTERN DMZ, AND HE HAS A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THE FLAK IN THAT AREA."

"I UNDERSTAND THAT NOBODY IN THE 12th TACTICAL FIGHTER WING HAS GOT A MIG YET. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?"

"WHY YOU SCREW HEAD, IF YOU KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT THE PROBLEM IS MISS. IF WE'D GET FRAGGED BY THOSE PECKER HEADS AT SEVENTH FOR THOSE ENCOUNTERS IN MIG VALLEY, YOU'D BET YOUR ASS WE'D GET SOME OF THEM MOTHERS. THOSE GLORY HOUNDS AT UBON GET ALL THE FRAGS WHILE WE GO TO SETTLE FOR FIGHTIN' THE FRIGGIN' WAR. THOSE MOTHERS AT UBON ARE SITTING ON THEIR FAT ASSES KILLING MIGS WHILE WE GET STUCK BOMBING THOSE GODDAMN CABBAGE PATCHES."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT EACH ELEMENT OF THE SEVENTH AIR FORCE

IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR ASSIGNED JOB IN THE AIR WAR. SOME ELEMENTS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR NEUTRALIZING ENEMY AIR STRENGTH WHILE OTHER ELEMENTS ARE ASSIGNED BOMBING MISSIONS INTERDICTING ENEMY SUPPLY ROUTES."

"CAPTAIN, OF ALL THE TARGETS YOU'VE HIT IN VIET NAM, WHICH ONE WAS THE MOST SATISFYING?"

"WELL, SHIT. I TELL YOU, IT WAS THAT TIME I WAS FRAGGED ON A SUSPECTED VC VEGETABLE GARDEN. I DROPPED NAPALM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FUCKING CABBAGE AND RUTABAGAS AND MY WING MAN SPLASHED IT REAL GOOD WITH SIX 750 POUND MOTHERS AND SPREAD THE FIRE ALL THE WAY TO THE FRIGGIN' BEETS AND CARROTS."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE GREAT VARIETY OF TACTICAL TARGETS AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT VIET NAM MAKE THE F4C THE PERFECT AIRCRAFT TO PROVIDE FLEXIBLE RESPONSE."

"WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER TO BE THE MOST DIFFICULT TARGET YOU'VE STRUCK IN NORTH VIET NAM?"

"THE FRIGGIN' BRIDGES. I MUSTA DROPPED FORTY TONS OF BOMBS ON THOSE SWAYIN BAMBOO MOTHERS AND I AIN'T HIT ON OF THE BASTARDS YET."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT INTERDICTING BRIDGES ALONG ENEMY ROUTES IS VERY IMPORTANT AND IS A QUITE DIFFICULT TARGET. THE BEST WAY TO ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK IS TO CRATER THE APPROACHES TO THE BRIDGES."

"I'VE NOTICED FROM TOURING, VEAROUS SECTIONS OF THE BASE ARE COVERED WITH ALUMINUM MATTING ON THE TAXEWAYS. WOULD YOU CARE TO COMMENT ON ITS USEFULNESS AND EFFECTIVENESS IN VIET NAM?"

"YOU'RE FUCKING RIGHT I'D LIKE TO MAKE A COMMENT, MOST OF US PILOTS ARE WELL HUNG, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HUNG IS UNTIL YOU GET HUNG UP ON ONE OF THE BUMPS ON THE GODDAMN STUFF."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT THE ALUMINUM MATTING QUITE SATISFACTORY AS A TEMPORARY EXPEDIENT, BUT REQUIRES SOME FINESSE IN TAXING AND BRAKING THE AIRCRAFT."

"DID YOU HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO MEET YOUR WIFE ON LEAVE IN HONOLULU, AND DID YOU ENJOY YOUR VISIT WITH HER?"

"YEAH, I MET MY WIFE IN HONOLULU, BUT I FORGOT TO CHECK THE CALENDAR SO THE WHOLE FIVE DAYS WERE PRETTY WELL COMBAT PROOF. A COMPLETE DRY RUN."

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT IT WAS WONDERFUL TO GET TOGETHER WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY AND LEARN FIRST HAND JUST HOW THINGS WERE AT HOME?"

"THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME CAPTAIN."

"SCREW YOU, WHY DON'T YOU BASTARD PRINT THE REAL STORY, INSTEAD OF ALL THAT CRAP?"

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS THAT HE ENJOYED THE OPPORTUNITY TO DISCUSS HIS TOUR WITH YOU?"

"OH, ONE FINAL QUESTION, CAPTAIN, COULD YOU REDUCE YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE WAR INTO A SIMPLE PHRASE OR STATEMENT?"

"YOU BET YOUR ASS I CAN, IT'S A FUCKED UP WAR?"

"WHAT THE CAPTAIN MEANS IS IT'S A FUCKED UP WAR."

THE ATTAPOE JAIL

(TUNE OF TIJUANA JAIL)

WE WENT ONE DAY
ABOUT A MONTH AGO
TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN
AROUND ATAPOE
WE ENDED UP
IN A SHOOTING SPOT
WHERE THE SAMS WERE FIRENG
AND EIGHTY FIVES GLOWED HOT.

(CHORUS)

SO HERE WE ARE, IN THE ATAPOE JAIL
WAITING FOR UNCLE TO GO OUR BAIL
SO HERE WE'LL STAY, CAUSE HE WON'T PAY
JUST SEND OUR MAIL--TO THE ATAPOE JAIL.

WE WERE SHOOTING DINKS,
RACKING UP THE SCORE
THAT'S WHEN I HEARD---THAT MISSILE ROAR
WE STARTED TO JINX,
WHEN THE AIRBORCE BLUE
SAID "SPUD YOU'D BETTER PUNCH OUT
CAUSE HE'S GOT YOU
(CHORUS)

WE LEFT THE PLANE
TUMBLIN' IN MID AIR
AND THEN WE LANDED
IN THE ATAPOE SQUARE
PULLED OUT OUR THIRTY EIGHTS
DISCOVERED WHEN AND THERE
WE WERE SURROUNDED
DIDN'T HVE A PRAYER
(CHORUS)

JUST FIVE MILLION DOLLARS,
AND THEY WILL SET US FREE---
I COULDN'T RAISE FIVE PIASTERS---
IF YOU THREATENED ME
(CHORUS)

I' FLY THE LINE

I KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THIS COAST OF MINE,
WE KEEP OUR SLAR WIDE OPEN ALL THE TIME,
DIRECTING AIR STRIKES, A SPECIALTY OF MINE
THIS MOHAWK'MINE, I FLY THE LINE

NIGHT PATROL ROUND DONG HOI'S REALLY GREAT,
ITS AN OUT OF COUNTRY MISSION THAT I HATE,
I'LL FLY AND FIND THEM ANYWHERE AND ANY TIME,
THEIR ASS IS MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

SMALLS ARMS AND THIRTY-SEVENS I DON'T SWEAT,
S-A-SEVENS, SAMS, AND MIGS IS WHAT I FRET,
THOSE FLAK PUFFS FAR AWAY ARE EAGER SIGN,
THIS SECTOR'S MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

ARMED WITH RADAR AND NOTHING ELSE WE GO,
OUT ~~TO~~ MAP WHAT WE CAN'T SEE AND HOPE TO KNOW,
WHERE ~~DD~~ CHARLIE RUNS AND HIDES ~~AND~~ SPENDS HIS TIME
THEIR ASS IS MINE, I FLY THE LINE.

WHEN WE FIND CHARLEY ON THE GROUND WE CALL FOR AIR,
THEN WE DODGE SAMS AND MIGS TILL THEY GET THERE.
THEY'LL HIT THAT CONVOY ~~RUNNIN' ON THE NORTH-SOUTH LINE~~
THEIR ASS IS MINE---I FLY THE LINE.

STRAFE THE DMZ (TUNE: JINGLE BELLS)

FLYING THROUGH THE SKY, IN A HAWK OV-1A
FLYING THROUGH THE FLAK, NEVER LOOKING BACK.
THROUGH THE HILLS WE DODGE, FOR SAMS ARE CALLED AWAY,
WHAT FUN IT IS TO BOMB AND STRAFE THE DMZ TODAY,

JINGLE BELLS, SOUNDS LIKE HELL, MOHAWKS ALL THE WAY,
OH WHAT FUN IT IS TO SHOOT THE DMZ EACH DAY, HEY:
THIRTY CALS, FIFTY CALS, NAILS AND ROCKETS TOO
OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU.

DA NANG LULLABYE

(TUNE: MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN)

I WENT OFF TO SOUTHEAST ASIA
TO FIGHT MY OWN WAR IN THE AIR
I'VE SPENT HALF MY TOUR IN A BUNKER
TO LIVE LIKE A RAT JUST AIN'T FAIR

CHORUS

ROLL IN, ROLL IN
MY GOD HOW THE ROCKETS ROLL IN, ROLL IN
ROLL IN, ROLL IN,
MY GOD HOW THE ROCKETS ROLL IN

EACH DAY I GO OFF TO FLY COMBAT
AND THEN HAVE A BEER WHEN I RETURN
I USUALLY FINISH THE FIRST ONE
BEFORE INCOMING ROUNDS START TO BURN
(CHORUS)

EACH MORNING WE GO OFF TO COMBAT
AT DAWN IN THE CLOUDS, FOR, ANDRAIN
THE GYRENS ARE UP EVEN SOONER,
TO RECAPTURE THE RAMP AT DA NANG
CHORUS

AND NOW THAT MY TOUR IS ALL OVER
I'LL RESUME THE LIFE THAT I LED
MY WIFE THINKS THAT ITS RATHER SILLY
TO BUILD BUNKERS OVER OUR BED
CHORUS:

WE'VE BEEN MAPPING CHARLIE'S RAILROAD

WE'VE BEEN MAPPING CHARLIE'S RAILROAD
EVERY FUCKING DAY
WE'VE BEEN MAPPING CHARLIE'S RAILROAD
UP TOWARD VINH'S AIRWAYS

UNCLE HO AIN'T GOT NO RAILROAD
NO ROLLING STOCK OR SWITCHES
BUT SAIGON FRAGS US ON THE RAILROAD
THOSE DIRTY SONS OF BITCHES

WE'VE BEEN MAPPIN (CONT)

SAM'S GALORE, THIRTY SEVENS TOO
FIFTY SEVENS, SA-7's TOO
FUCK, PIS, HATE SHIT HOT TOO
SO WHAT THE HELL IS NEW

SOMEONE'S UP A TREE ON THUD RIDGE
SOMEONE'S IN THE DRINK I KNOW COOOOO
SOMENONE'S IN THE KARAT NEAR DONG HOI
SHOUTING ON THE RADIO

SHOUTIN, FEE, FI FIDDLY I OHHH
FEE, FI FIDDLY I OH OH OHOH
FEE, FI JOLLY GREEN OH
LESS THAN FIVE MORE DAYS TO GO

I'VE GOT A HUNDRED AND SIXTY VC IN THE OPEN
I FOUND A TRUCK LOAD OF NORTH VIETNAMESE
I'VE GO TO CALL SOME AIR, GET A STRIKE DOWN THERE
BEFORE THEY MAKE IT TO THE TREES

I'VE GOT A HUNDRED AND SIXTY VC IN THE OPEN,
IT'S A TARGET THAT YOU DON'T FIND EVERYDAY
SO I CALLS THE DASC AND I QUICKLY ASK
WON'T YOU PLEASE GET SOME FIGHTERS ON THE WAY

NOW NUMBER ONE SHOULD HAVE SOME GUNS AND"
A LOAD OF WHAT THEY CALL "INCUBATORS"
SEND NUMBER TWO WITH CBU's AND WHEN THEY GET HERE
WE'LL REALLY GONNA GIVE THEM HELL

I'VE GOT A HUNDRED AND SIXTY VC IN THE OPEN
AND I'M MARKING THEM WITH MY MOHAWK FROM ABOVE
I'VE GOT MY WILLIE PETE SPLASHING AT THEIR FEET,
IT'S A SHIT HOT SITUATION THAT I LOVE

WE'RE GONNA TEAR DOWN THE SPUD BAR	BOOOOOO
WE'RE GAONNA BUILD A NEW BAR	RAYYYY
IT'S ONLY GONNA BE A FOOT WIDE	BOOOOOO
BUT IT'LL BE A MILE LONG	RAYYYY
THERE'LL BE NO BARTENDERS IN OUR BAR	BOOOOOOO
WE'RE GONNA HAVE BARMAIDS	RAYYYYY
OUR BARMAIDS WILL WEAR LONG DRESSES	BOOOOOO
MADE OF CELLOPHANE	RAYYYYY
YOU CAN'T TAKE OUR BARMAIDS HOME	BOOOOOO
THEY'LL TAKE YOU HOME	RAYYYY
YOU CAN'T SLEEP WITH OUR BARMAIDS	BOOOOOO
THEY WON'T LET YOU SLEEP	RAYYYYY
BEER IS GONNA BE 50¢ A GLASS	BOOOOO
WHISKEY WILL BE FREE	RAYYYYY
ONLY ONE DRINK TO A CUSTOMER	BOOOOO
SERVED IN A BUDKET	RAYYYY
NO GIRLS WILL BE ALLOWED ABOVE THE FIRST FLOOR	BOOOO
WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON	RAYYY
THERE'LL BE NO LOVING ON THE DANCING FLOOR	BOOOOO
AND NO DANCING ON THE DOWNED FLOOR	RAYYYY

SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

WELL, SHE WAS PURE, AND SHE WAS INNOCENT
VICTIM OF A RICH MAN'S WHIM
'TIL SHE MET THAT CHRISTIAN GOV'NOR
GEORGE C. WALLACE
AND SHE HAD A CHILD BY HIM. (A CHILD BY HIM)

NOW HE SITS, IN LEGISLATURE,
MAKING LAWS FOR ALL MANKIND,
WHILE SHE WALKS, THE STREETS OF DOTHAN ALABAMA
SELLING GRAPEB, FROM HER GRAPE VINE. (FROM HER GRAPE VINE)

NOW THE MORAL, OF THIS STORY,
IS TO NEVER TAKE A RIDE
WITH ALABAMA' CHRISTIAN GOV'NOR
GEORGE C. WALLACE,
AND YOU'LL BE, A VIRGIN BRIDE. (A VIRGIN BRIDE.)

QUANG TRI ROAD

ALMOST HEAVEN--MARBLE MOUNTAIN
DA NANG AIR BASE, DOWN IN ROCKET VALLEY.
MOHAWKS RISING, OFF TO MEET THE NIGHT
MISTY SHADES OF GROUND FOG--BLACK OUT COMBAT FLIGHT
(CHORUS)
QUANG TRI ROAD, GUIDE ME HOME
TO THE BASE, I BELONG--MARBLE MOUNTAIN, BLESSED AIRFIELD,
GUIDE ME HOME, QUANG TRI ROAD

I HEAR A VOICE IN THE EVENING AS SHE CALLS ME
RADIOS REMIND ME I'M TWELVE THOUSAND MILES FROM HOME.
FLYING DOWN THE ROAD I GET THE FEELING THAT I SHOULD
HAVE BEEN HOME YESTERDAY----YESTERDAY
(CHORUS)

ROCKETS FALLIN ALL AROUND US,
SIRENS WAILING, RUNNIN FOR THE BUNKERS
CHOPPERS SCRAMBLIN OFF TO FIND THE FOE-
WE FIND WOUNDED, AND SOME WHO'LL SING NO MORE.
(CHORUS)

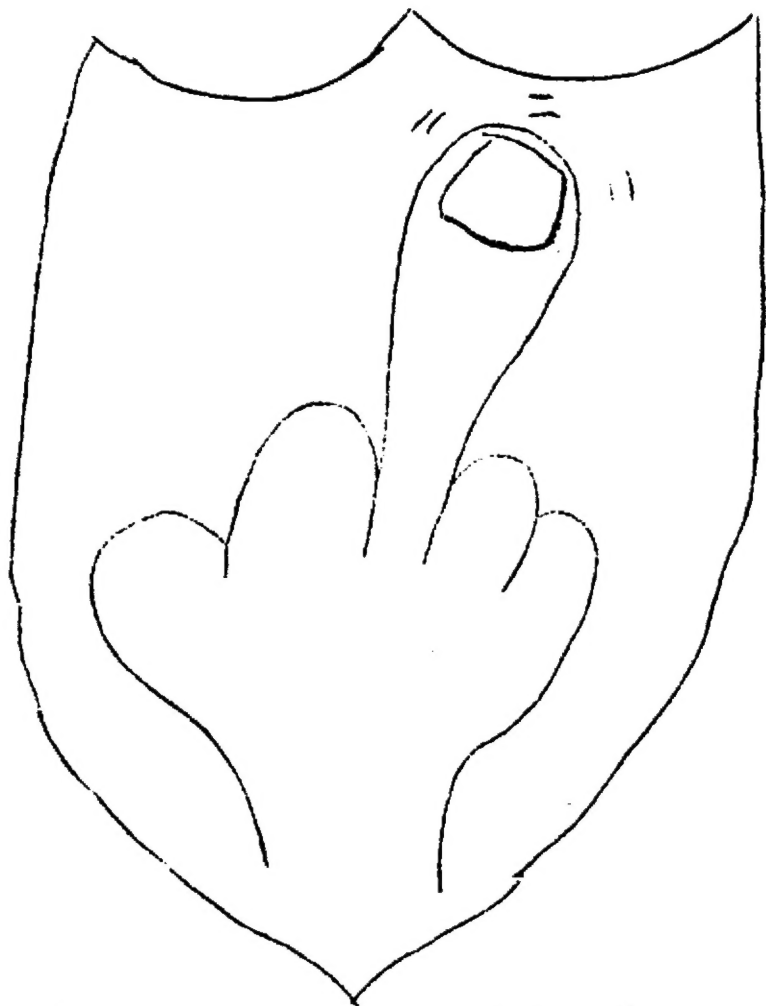
I HEAR A VOICE IN THE NIGHT I HEAR HIM CALLIN
STINGER UP ON GUARD TO SAY HE'S LOST FAR FROM HOME--
PANAMA REMINDS HIM THAT HIS FLIGHT PLAN SAYS HE SHOULD
HAVE BEEN HOME YESTERDAY---YESTERDAY
(CHORUS)

I HEAR A VOICE ON THE RADIO A SCREAMIN
MAYDAY--SPUD IS SHOT TO HELL THREE HUNDRED NORTH OF HOME
I SIT AND LISTEN HELPLESS AS HE SAYS "I WISH I'D HAD MY
DEROS YESTERDAY---YESTERDAY
(CHORUS)

SOMETIMES AT NIGHT I HAVE HEARD THE GHOSTLY ECHOES--
ECHOES OF THE PAIN OF NINE SPUDS CRASHED FAR FROM HOME
PRAYIN THAT THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN BACK AT HOME
CONTINUE TO REMEMBER THEM---REMEMBER THEM

QUANG TRI ROAD, TAKE US HOME
TO THE STATES, WHERE WE BELONG
'CROSS THE OCEAN, MY OWN COUNTRY
FREEDOM BIRD, TAKE US HOME

THESE LYRICS WERE COMPOSED BY 1LT DAVIS, CW-2 PROSSER, AND 1LT KILLACKEY
AND DEDICATED TO THE THIRTY THREE SPUDS--PILOTS AND T.O.'S---WHO HAVE LOST
THEIR LIVES OR BEEN CAPTURED IN THE SIX YEARS THAT WE HAVE WORKED IN THE
REPUBLIC OF VIET NAM.



Legion of Merit Award for Spuds

Shit Hot Spuds Motto:

May you always give a **FUCK**